

HALO: The Lockheed Project

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Summary: After a young marine dies in a mission gone FUBAR, he is inadvertently resurrected by a ONI splinter cell in their attempt to create a 'Spartan killer' and destroy the UEG/Separatist alliance. With the help of a longevity blessed and mischievous AI, the robotic Super-Soldier escapes his captors to rejoin the UNSC Defense Force. Rated M for safety

HALO: The Lockheed Project

****MEMORIES OF A DAY LONG PAST****

(Words "Speech" 'Quotes' _Thoughts_ "_Radio" _*Sounds*)

I do not own HALO.

* * *

><p>Everyone has nightmares. Subconscious horror movies without logic or direction that accrue in the R.E.M stage of sleep. Most are forgotten upon waking. Others are often condensed into a basic plot with still images. The worst of these can be attributed to a type of anxiety disorder known as Posttraumatic stress disorder. P.T.S.D. nightmares are based on the memories of an extreme emotional trauma that involved the threat of injury or death, or from witnessing the injuries and deaths of others. Military combatants compose a majority of sufferers. While nearly impossible to cure, nightmares of this caliber can be heavily reduced in severity and occurrence through a combination of therapy and medication. However there is a form of nightmare that supersedes even these. They lack an official name do to there rarity, but have been dubbed 'Lazarus terrors' by the only person to ever suffer them... Me.<p>

This is my** Nightmare**...

This is my** Memory**...

This is my** Death**...

* * *

><p>2552, February, 1420:36 hours/**Reach, New Alexandria, Club Errera****

"Gizmo!"

"Pfffffft!" *cough cough* Even with the nightclub's almost blaring music my Gunnery Sergeant's volume was completely unnecessary, that and he was standing right behind our booth. My diaphragm's attempt to remove the excess fluid from my lungs was aided by a large hand slapping me on the back. *cough gasp* "Damn it Mohawk!" I turned around to face the 6'6" 38 year-old Hungarian bodybuilder who was letting his (slightly tipsy) wife ride on his shoulders, and immediately decided not to go with my initial plan to yell at him. "Next time you do that can you at least make sure I'm taking a sip".

"Oh, sorry about that little guy". The heavy weapons specialist said with that odd 'gentle giant' accent many of his people had.

"Mother-fucking-cock-sucker!" That would be Combat Profanity King Lance Corporal Haskins, our team's Demolitionist... _God help us._ The six foot 24 year-old hothead from Brooklyn was using a handful of napkins to clean off the remnants of my spit-take from his grotesquely over-colored tropical button-up. Next to LC was his girlfriend who clearly mouthed the words 'Thank you'.

Way ta' go Rookie! Hav'en even gone dirt-side yet an' yah already got your first priority kill. We've been tryin' ta' bring down that shirt for months". The following bout of laughter was caused by Corporal Greta, a 5'9" (two inches taller than me) 22 year-young happy-go-lucky girl from the inner colony of New Sydney. She's a genuine Tankgirl, an amazing mechanic, a great sniper. _I__f sitting in her boyfriend's lap right next to me and stronger than normal Aussie accent mean anything, she's also **com~pletely** hammered._

"You should rinse that fast before the ethanol weakens the fabric dye's adhesive properties". That mouthful of advise came from the 6'2" 26 year-old Earth born Lieutenant amply named Brain. My very first best friend, and fellow orphan. Brain was left on earth with a baby sitter at age 8 when His family had to go on a 4 month long mission aboard a UNSC colony ship. It was unfortunately destroyed by the covenant just before their return jump. He was the team's communications and electronics officer. Beside him was his fiancÃ© (an ONI spook), this woman had a look in her eyes that scared me. She gave off an overwhelmingly sadistic presence, but everyone else said it was just her 'naughty librarian' personality.

"He's fine then. It was just Root beer". I said lifting the beverage to my chest.

"Root beer... hang on let me get this straight Giz". Haskins muttered in confusion. "We come to possibly the best club on all of Reach, stocked with a galaxy wide selection of top shelf liquor, for a party

that HIGHCOM told us to put on their tab as long overdue shore leave,... and you order a fucking Root beer?"

"Well I'm sorry, but I don't drink" The lounge filled with two sounds; me nursing my straw and a collaborative groan.

"Private, you are without a doubt the strangest marine I have ever know". This 'complement' came from the final member and leader of our team, Major Stripe. At 6'1" in height and 46 in age, the man made up for what he lacked in size and youth with his nerves of steel, unmatched shotgun skills and raw combat prowess. Major's been leading this particular squad of marines since it's inception 16 years ago. Rumor has it that he even helped train Spartans in military breaching tactics.

"It's so cute how you all have nicknames for each other". Miss Topsy giggled from her vantage point on MT. Mohawk. _Greta could get a dozen _euphemisms_ out of that one, easy._

"Those are actually our call signs".

Smack _Mohawk's hand-1, my head-0_

"Ouch! What was that for?!"

"Call signs are supposed to be secret".

"That plan was shot down when the ONI guys on the Prowler said we couldn't use our real names anymore".

Smack _Mohawk-2 Me-0_

"Stop spouting classifieds before the wrong ears hear you" Gunny said in a harsh whisper.

"Wrong ears... **Three-drunks-and-a-spook**". I sputtered in return waving my arms at our guests.

_The kick is up!... _***SMACK!*** _And it's good! Final score 3-0 Mohawk. Have a nice night folks and drive safely._

The David and Goliath slapstick elicited another bout of laughs.

"Hey Private Gizmo". Greta's boyfriend spoke up. I couldn't remember his name, but then again I don't think anyone at the table did. Including Greta. "Since we're on the topic of keeping secrets, where's your girlfriend at, working, off world?" The one-nighter asked earning himself a playful slap on the arm from Greta.

"I... D-don't have one. My ex and I separated when we both joined the military, and I just finished boot-camp here on Reach two weeks ago so I haven't really gotten around to finding a new girl yet". _The proceeding _b_l____atant falsehood has been brought to you by Social Awkwardness. **Social Awkwardness**: preventing intimate relationships since the dawn of man.__ "What about you Major?" In a dispirit attempt to save myself from further embarrassment I redirected attention to our fearless leader.

The room's atmosphere shifted faster than I thought possible; air

went stale, temperature dropped, even the music faded into droll of distant tings and thumps. The downcast faces of my colleges were all that I needed to piece the situation.

"I-I'm ****so**** sorry. I didn't mean to..." Melancholy, my default emotion. Between the excitement of graduating from boot-camp and meeting my new team, I had almost forgotten what it felt like.

"My wife... two sons and a daughter..." Major said in a far-away tone. "Heh. I remember... standing in the spaceport, getting ready to board my new station. It was a Stalwart-class light frigate that barely survived a fight with two covvie corvettes. Crew brought it back to dry-dock, had it turned into a frigate/destroyer hybrid. Called it the 'HOW YOU LIKE ME NOW' ha-ha". We joined in on the sad laugh. "It wasn't our first send off, but that didn't make it any easier. I remember the hugs and kisses,... and that look in my wife's eyes. My kids thought I was indestructible, but she knew the truth; she'd seen the scars... mental and physical. She begged me to retire; couldn't stand worrying I'd come home in a box anymore. 'The best defense is a good offence sweetheart. I'm doing this to keep you and the kids safe'. That was my reasoning. Then I left... In twenty-five-forty-nine I left my only family on Paris IV".

Major stood, stretched, put on his jacket and looked to me.

"Private, if you ever find someone special, keep them close. Well better get back to the ship; paperwork and what not". As he walked away Stripe raised a hand and shouted. "HOW DO WE GO?!"

****FEET FIRST! SIR!**** Was the unanimous answer.

End
file.